To Tame the Untamable

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To Tame the Untamable

by orphan_account

Summary

“You’re an omega.”

Will had been careful thus far to hide his designation, but now Hannibal intends to use this knowledge to better manipulate him. To craft him through the cocoon to his desire, and to make the work of art that is Will Graham beckon to his call like a good dog.

Notes

Hannigram brainrot has truly resurfaced after years for me
so this idea i couldn't help even though i have a lot of homework and labs to do, and other fics to update but ;__;
Anyways, first hannigram fic despite having a history of enjoying the ship. Just haven't had any courage to actually write anything back then.

Chapter 1

“You’re an omega.”

The abrupt change of conversation caused Will to freeze, his hair standing on end as he heard the words of the alpha.

His blood ran cold. He knew that Hannibal had an intense sense of smell but…

He had been so careful this far. Take the blockers. Use the scent neutralizer. Keep track of when his heat would begin and hole himself up at home until it passed, telling everyone he had a fever.

It was something no one could know. Something he would have to hide lest he be used as just any other omega. Lose his job, lose his secluded house in Wolf Trap, lose his privacy to be some alpha’s collared dog to sit pretty and be fucked when needed. It was a secret he was willing to kill to keep.

“Oh don’t worry.” Hannibal came back around to stand in front of Will, likely noticing the intent in his eyes. “I won’t tell anyone. I’m assuming no one knows, correct? Otherwise you wouldn’t look at me like that.”

Will stepped back, his icy glare still staring daggers. The gaze fixated on the blood red tie around Hannibal’s neck. Something to use if the alpha did try something, and also to avoid the eye contact he so hated.

“…Alana is the only one that knows.”

“Ah, of course. You are quite close to Ms. Bloom. It only makes sense. You must be close to your heat if I can smell it on you. Are you okay to get home like that?”

Was it that time already?

The blockers could only do so much. Making it so his once a year heat still came around. Something he usually took note of to prepare for, but failed to do with the Chesapeake Ripper still at large. Something that blockers were meant to make far less potent when taken. Yet Will’s were especially tough. Even more so than an unmedicated omega’s. but at least he wasn’t left drooling over an alpha’s scent or driven to some submission to it.

Another reason he hid it from everyone. Omegas were never taken seriously. They were simply the arm candy and pawn of those they bonded to. And an unbonded omega was considered as good as useless in everyday life until they can find an alpha to guide them.

“I’m fine.” Will looked around the room, his mind off of the thought of using the tie to choke the other man in the room out. His job was to get into the minds of killers. To emphasize with them. Not to be the killer… even if that had already happened.

Even if Garret Jacob Hobbs was to save Abigail, it still plagued his mind.

Though now there was more than that that plagued his mind.

“I’m leaving early.” Not only did he want to get far away from the alpha’s prying nose and eyes, but he did have to get ready if it were that time for him.

Though with Hannibal’s dark eyes trailing after him as he collected his jacket, the alpha’s head cocking to the side as the watchful eyes watched the omega, Will wasn’t so sure he could trust him to keep such a secret for himself.

Of course Hannibal had known far longer ago, during one of his first meetings with Will.

It was when he had moved in, getting a strong whiff from the omega’s neck had he picked up the scents, using the excuse to berate the other’s use of a rather cheap aftershave to deter any suspicions. It was of pine and campfires and the lakeside. Scents he hadn’t particularly cared for on anyone else, but on Will Graham they may as well be the finest perfume from France.

That man interested him greatly. A work of art, outside as well as inside.

That brain of his. He wanted to pick it apart. To play with it. To mold it into his choosing until he got bored and moved on to the next plaything. Though he could tell it would be a while until that happened with this one.

Why only tell him now?

Hannibal wanted to play with him now, while he was weakened by the yearly cycle the other so clearly dreaded. Based on the way his scent flared up in a panic before leaving. His mind was also weakening. Not his cleverness nor knowledge. Just his sanity as guilt over Hobbs and the murders, murders that Hannibal himself were a part of, started to get to him.

And thus he had invited their dear mutual friend, Alana for dinner, serving his finest foods as always. Hunted and gutted himself to become a masterpiece in its own right on the plate. The only way such a swine would ever be one in his eyes.

“I have heard that our dear friend Will has been home sick?”

“Yes, I checked in on him. He really needs this time of rest for himself.”

“Oh?” Hannibal looked on. He knew far too well that it would absolutely not be a time of rest, but instead draining, Will likely coming back looking as though he had ran a marathon. “So you have visited him? Would you mind if I gave you some things to bring him? I am sure we both know that he is likely not taking very good care of himself.”

Of course Alana Bloom had agreed. A few days during the week to bring the ailing omega some food that Hannibal had made and packaged up for him.

And of course her beta nose couldn't detect just how much scent he had left on the packaging, rubbing them against his neck.

The omega would be thinking of him as he tried to relieve his own desires while locked up in his little rural home. And it delighted Hannibal to know that.

Just the thought alone caused his own pheromones to flare up at night while alone, imaging the snarky and moody Will, fingering himself to Hannibal's scent, calling out his name in weakened mewls.

He thought about how good Will would look with a collar around his neck, Hannibal's name and address on the tag. Trained to be his perfect hunting dog and partner.

It made it far more easy to add even more of his scent to what was to be sent to the pent up omega.

"You look-"

"Horrible. I know."

Will kept his door opened just a peak, Alana on the other side holding a cooler bag.

Sweat pooled down his forehead and his skin pale.

"I was not going to say that directly, but yes." Alana gave Will a worrying look. It was obvious she hated seeing him like this, and also evident by the way her nose wrinkled, even her beta nose could pick up his scent. "I have something from Dr. Lecter. He wants to make sure you are okay while… sick."

"Isn't that so kind of him." Will sarcastic words were mixed with an annoyance. Just what was Hannibal planning?

"Will." Her scolding voice came out, likely ready to lecture him about taking help when needed. "He is right. You do need to eat."

"I am."

"Okay. When did you last eat?"

"…" He had fed the dogs, then went back to the makeshift 'nest' he had constructed with every available blanket he could find to try and ride the heat off. He never liked to give in to the urges and touch himself, no matter how nauseous and weak it made him feel. Making him even sicker. It wasn't like his hands could do much.

It was already proving hard despite it just being the beginning. This was going to be rough- as usual.

With Alana's sigh, she held up the bag.

“it’s not fair to ask me questions this time of year…”

“Please, just take it. It will at least assure me that you’re having something.”

With his own exasperated sigh, Will opened the door enough to grab the bag, waiting for Alana to leave before heading to the kitchen and opening it up.

A strong whiff came from inside, different from the food inside. And Will knew he should not have given in one bit and brough it in as his breath caught on itself and something came over him.

It was undoubtedly clear that Hannibal’s plan had worked, as Will was in his office. The lack of eye contact was no indicator. That was a normality for the curly haired man, one he hoped to work on one day with him.

Instead it was the way his mouth twitched in a scowl and his pacing back and forth with arms crossed.

Along with the packaging and the bag that had been returned. Even if it were scrubbed completely clean, he could still get the whiff and he had to swallow the drool that began to pool in his mouth.

“Did you enjoy the food I sent you? You needed enough protein to ride out that storm, after all.”

“Tch. I could have dealt with myself, you know.”

“I’m sure of that.” Hannibal smiled, mischievous and a glint of hunger in his eyes as he sat back, what he envisioned still playing in his mind. “Hopefully it helped.”

Good Boy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal liked to visit Will's humble abode while the omega was away. Both to gain the trust of his dogs if he were to ever need it and to in a way familiarize his scent in there. Home is where most people felt safest after all. Where the heart is.

How messy…

The large blonde man let the dogs continue to swarm him until he was out of meat to share with them, eyeing up the mess that had been left.

The pullout couch unmade, materials to make fishing lures strewn through the desk. Dog fur everywhere, though that was more forgivable due to the amount of canines in the house. Like Will's own little pack.

It seemed that organization and tidiness was yet another thing he would have to teach. Even if the scruffiness of the brown locks and the hairs on his chin was endearing, Hannibal was sure that the omega could clean up quite nicely with the right suit and a clean shaven look.

And there they were. On the small table by the window. The omega blockers.

Of course he could taint with them directly. But what would be the fun in that? Hannibal craved, no, *needed*, that chase.

"It's a work of art to him. He wouldn't sully his *portfolio* like this with crude cuts if this were him."

Will sat across from Jack, conversing about the new body that had been found.

"If it were the Chesapeake Ripper, then the lines would be much more smooth. Besides-"

Will was interrupted by a knock on the door.

Expensive wine. Amber. Bergamot. If the owner of the smell were even closer, he would catch the subtle scent of metallic blood. Something he had caught up on just during his time 'sick' at home.

"Ah, Dr. Lecter. Come on in." the chief invited the owner of the scent that had been haunting Will in.

"I apologize if I am interrupting anything."

Will could feel the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end, the scent getting closer until it was right behind him.

“Not at all.” Will kept his gaze forward as Jack spoke, not daring to look back. Hannibal had to know what he had been doing with that *generous gift* he had given him while *sick*. “In fact, we could use some of your insight.”

Will tensed up as the man behind him bent forward to get a look at the crime scene photos on the chief’s desk. His broad shoulder touched his, the chiseled jaws close to his own face.

“Will here doesn’t think this could be the ripper. Too-“

“callous and unclean.”

Much to Will’s *delight*, Hannibal had followed him to the parking lot.

“Will, we haven’t spoken about your secondary gender in our sessions yet.” Hannibal had the nerve to say, out in public. Even if the parking lot had been empty.

“Yeah. Because I don’t want to talk about it.” Will walked faster, wishing he had parked his car far closer to the doors now.

“Is there a reason you hate it so much?” Hannibal’s voice started to have that similar tone it had during their sessions. Curious, but clinical. Way too curious. And Will hated that.

“Are you really trying to psychoanalyze me about my omega-ness in a fucking parking lot?!”

Even if there had been no one else outside, at least that they could see, his face reddened by how loud it had come out. “You have the gall to even ask. You were blessed in the secondary gender you present. I’m cursed.”

At the slight curve on the pompous alpha’s thin lips, like that of someone who was amused or had won some bet but didn’t want to show it too outwardly, Will opened the door to his car with a huff and sped off.

It had happened yet again.

While laying out the design of the killer, he had found himself back at the office of Dr. Lecter. The memories of leaving the crime scene and driving there not even a blur or an image. There was nothing. Only him, standing outside the ornately decorated office, and of course the smell.

Always back to the smell.

Hastily, he took another pill, hoping the sweat would die down and he could calm down. But his palms were shaky and clammy, finding it hard to close the bottle. His breathing ragged

and a strong feeling of nausea coming over him.

The latter symptom seemed to disappear automatically when he saw the well dressed man, his blond-silvery hair done perfectly as usual. A look of feigned worry in his eyes.

Of course Will could look through that furrow of the brow into the glint of delight in the dark eyes.

“Will? Come on in.”

Hannibal’s toned arms held on to him as he was guided inside and to a seat. Despite his body begging to stay on the leather chair, Will immediately stood back up, staying a distance away from the alpha.

“It happened again.” His hands went into his locks, nearly pulling at the follicles. He couldn’t make sense of it.

The hallucinations. The blackouts. Arriving at Hannibal’s without realizing it. It was all too much for him.

Another pill maybe- until it was snatched away from him.

The other man studied it, reading the label and moving away to the rows of bookshelves, and pulling something out. not so much a book as seemingly a manual of sorts. Likely something he used for diagnosing medications for his own patients, something that Will had refused Dr. Lecter’s services for without knowing what he was actually planning.

“This gives a warning about omegas using it…”

Again, a worry in his voice. Or that was what Will took it as instead of the amusement the doctor actually contained inside.

“And? Almost everything has a warning against omegas using it.” It proved a difficulty, until he stopped caring. It was not like taking Tylenol had done anything to him. It was more a worry on an omega’s fertility and ability to go into heat- things he didn’t want to begin with. His grip on the curls on his head loosened up as he listened on.

The words that left Hannibal’s mouth next left his mouth dry, and it felt as though his heart stopped. Or possibly it was going far too fast. “May disrupt blockers.”

“You-“

“This has nothing to do with me, Will. I knew what you were and never would have prescribed them.”

It was getting hard to breath. So much so that Will fell to the floor, his lungs begging for more air no matter how much he took in.

So this was it? He had to choose between not dealing with his hallucinations or be outed as an omega, to deal with the pathetic submission, to possibly be taken by an alpha too greedy

to even know his name before chomping down?

His vision was going blurry, unaware of the watering in his blue eyes. unaware of anything in his surroundings.

“Shh.”

The voice was calming. And a sudden warmth came over him. The scent close to him seemed to calm him. Reminding him of home.

“Just breathe.”

Will took in a big breath, holding in the aroma of expensive wine. Amber. Bergamot. A hint of blood at the very back of the other notes. And then out.

“That’s a good boy.”

The words were spoken so softly, with warm breath caressing his ear, exciting him making him want to hear it again.

And hear it again he did with each breath in and out he took.

It took some time before Will could breath normally again, and even longer before he could come to his senses.

He found that he couldn’t lift his arm to wipe at the watering in his eyes, instead imprisoned by the arms around him.

“Let go of me…” His voice was shaky, still recovering from his panic attack from just a second ago.

“Shh… good boy”

When the arms around him didn’t subside, Will jumped up, forcing himself up and out of the hold. “Let go of me! And don’t call me that!”

There was no way to hide the bright red that burned at his cheeks and ears. He hated that. And he hated Hannibal.

Or did he?

He knew he would be crawling back with due time. He needed to in order to keep his job.

He could always ask Jack for a different psychiatrist, though. But something would likely keep him coming back to Dr. Lecter.

“Will…” Hannibal coughed into his hand, composing himself and gracefully bringing himself back to his feet. “Please excuse my intrusion, I was merely helping a patient through-“

“I don’t need to hear it. Just… don’t touch me again.”

“Of course. But if you ever find yourself in the same position, I must break that promise between us if it is to help you such as it did now.”

Will’s face wouldn’t cool down, hearing the words in his head over and over ‘good boy’.

“It’s…” he calmed down slightly.

It worried him.

If his blockers were affected and not working at one hundred percent… and with an alpha that close to him, one such as the psychiatrist in front of him wiping the wrinkles from his perfectly tailored suit…

'*shh, good boy*'

“You’re fearful.” That annoyingly clinical tone returned.

'*good boy*'

The words playing in his head now sounded condescending, and teasing.

Will simply looked away again, snatching the bottle of anti-hallucinogens from where they sat on Hannibal’s desk.

“I know you are not on schedule for me at this time, but I can make time if needed.”

‘*good boy*’

The words returned to a comfort, warming his body.

His blue gaze pointed at the ground, Will nodded weakly. His legs almost failing him to hide how shaken up he was as he made his way to the leather chair, Hannibal following suite with the chair opposite him.

“So, you had quite a violent reaction to finding out-“ the silky accented voice trailed off in Will’s head.

‘*Good boy, Dear Will*’

Condescending and teasing.

And he couldn’t take the back and forth of it anymore, his hand clutching at the leather of the seat as hard as to leave a crease in the fabric as he stood up suddenly.

“You have changed your mind?” Hannibal looked at him, quizzically.

Again, Will nodded. Much less weaker than when he had earlier.

“Very well. Don’t worry, I shall practice patience.”

‘*But I will get it out of you. Eventually…*’ he could hear the voice in his head clear as day despite the words not actually being spoken. It felt a threat to him.

Instead, Will went home, the words and the scent still strong on his mind. He took his blockers, crawled right into bed and allowed his dogs to surround him as though they sensed the distress on their owner.

It was a few days later, when Will had walked into the FBI headquarters and found heads turned to him.

He hated the attention, wishing to hide inside his flannel as he walked down the hallway.

“Will!”

He didn’t jump as he heard Jack’s shouting, beckoning him to his office. Along with Alana, a worried look on her face.

“What is-“

Will had barely stepped into the office when the door was shit behind him and the computer was turned his way.

‘**FBI’s Criminal Profiler An Omega?**’

Reading the words on the screen, his breath caught in his throat.

Of course below the title: author: Freddie Lounds

Along with a picture of him and Hannibal in the parking lot from the other day.

There was an accusatory glance on Jack’s face, Will speechless. Frozen in place.

“Listen, it’s just a dumb tabloid-“ Alana tried to disrupt the tension.

“No, I want to hear it from him.” Jack interrupted her, his knuckled lightening by the grip on the screen.

“It’s… just a tabloid. A conversation taken out of context.”

Will could tell by the tension remaining in the room that it was not believable. But Jack let go of the computer and sat down onto his chair.

“That’s what our official response is going to be then.”

Alana and Will looked over at each other. Both with a worried look.

“I can’t guarantee it will work from experience with Ms. Lounds, but…”

“But?...” Alana tried to get Jack to finish his thought.

“I can’t lose my best profiler. Omega or not. Just continue taking your blockers. And never let an alpha take you.”

Will nodded, already on it with those demands.

Though an anger did burn inside of him.

Hannibal sipped his wine, tablet in hand as he read the article.

‘**FBI’s Criminal Profiler An Omega?**’

He had not told Lounds per say, but a little anonymous tip left at her hotel door late at night was enough to get a rouse out of her.

He was well aware of the coverup that Jack Crawford, and likely Alana Bloom as well, would be concocting. Of course he simply just wanted to break his dear Will just a little. He couldn’t have him off of cases just yet.

After all, he still had more art to show him.

Chapter End Notes

hopefully no one was expecting this to go with completely canon events of the story but with a/b/o
anyways i hope the last bit was coherent bc ive been up since 4 am for work but i keep thinking of writing more of this instead of napping or doing hw

the scent of safety

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Guilt. Nightmares. Imaginary sounds of animals in distress. Now seizures.

Not only that, but Will could feel the looks on him. Even after the coverup and takedown of Freddie's article about him. Eyes searching him, trying to decipher if it was true.

'*Was Will Graham, the notorious profiler, actually a lowly omega?*'

The eyes never left him, whether he was at the headquarters, in front of his class giving a lecture, or just simply going down the street.

All the questioning gazes burned into him, bearing down on him and making him not even want to leave his home. To just stay in his pull out bed and snuggle with his dogs all day.

"You don't look well." Hannibal commented, sitting in his usual seat in his office. Voice in its usual clinical tone, and face in its usual stoic demeanor.

"Then don't look."

"I am simply worried that you are not taking care of yourself. It seems to be a habit for you. And even more so after the incident with Miss Lounds' article."

"…" Will didn't look up from where he stood, leaned against the ladder to the bookshelves.

"You know, you still haven't talked about what troubles you so about your secondary gender. Other than that you feel it a curse."

"And I still don't plan on talking about it."

How stubborn.

Hannibal wondered how long the omega was from giving in and talking about it.

He could tell by the pale skin, and the way he tended to shake in place at random times that he would be worn down eventually.

He knew that Will hated eyes on him, and that ever since the article all attention has been on him, even if he won't acknowledge it out loud in their sessions. And that Hannibal's scent was getting to him more.

Usually he would wear scent blockers so as not to cause discomfort in any omega patients, but not with Will. He needed to instill a different kind of comfort around him if he were to

peel back the layers and mold them into his choosing.

“What I want to know is” Will’s icy blue glance finally made its way over to the psychiatrist “how did she know to be there when she was? And why didn’t we see her?”

“Are you accusing me of something, Will?”

“I know you’ve been to my house. While I’m away.” The gaze was accusatory, unwavered as they tried to read the man.

Will would come home. And the slight smell of expensive wine, amber, and bergamot would linger. Lightly and faint, but still there. He would be petting his dogs and the scent would linger up, like a dust disturbed by the movement, waiting to be sent into the air. As though the alpha had been there petting their fur earlier in the day. Or he would unwind and make fishing lures just for the faint scent to come up from the line.

Yet, it became a comforting presence. Even if he refused to admit it. Between the times that the man had brought him down from his panic attacks, and from his seizures.

In a way, it reminded him of safety, a thought he had trapped in the very back of his head.

“You must be mistaken, I’m usually busy with work during the day. Or planning that night’s dinner.”

“I’m not just imaging it, it’s-“

“Perhaps your sense of smell is fooling you, just as your ears and eyes are.” The words coming from the thin lips caused Will’s blood to run cold.

It was entirely possible…

But then why Hannibal Lecter’s scent? Why him of all people?

“I recall you saying that I was not interesting enough to you?” the smirk on Hannibal’s face was enough to cause his spine to shiver. “Perhaps that is not the case anymore?”

The dark eyes read into him, as though they knew the answer already.

“No.”

The look was smug, as though the lie was expected.

“…” Will certainly did not enjoy being read like a book, even if his job was to do the same. “Yes, actually…”

“Oh?” The blonde’s head cocked to the side with an animalistic interest of his own. “I interest you now?”

“Well you seem to be everywhere I go, so…” Will merely watched as the man grew closer, suddenly how much larger his frame was hit the omega “…yes. I am interested in you now.”

Hannibal thought he could see Will cower back as he approached, until the smaller man was right up against the ladder. Like a trapped animal, cornered and accepting their fate. Until their faces were mere inches apart. Hands trapping him where he was, holding onto the wood of the ladder.

The work of art that was Will Graham. It will be his one day…

Hannibal watched the omega’s Adams apple as he gulped. The gaze going up, there was a restraint in the piercing eyes as Will stared up at Hannibal.

“And what kind of interest do you have now?”

The other’s eyes bounced around, scanning his face. It was clear he was still holding back, his mind likely fighting itself. It was likely the instincts would be fighting with him as the alpha hovered over him.

Just as Hannibal was done playing around, and was going to pull away and give Will space, the distance between them disappeared.

Now it was truly time for Hannibal to become surprised. Not that he was complaining as he leaned into the sudden kiss, his tongue forcing its way in, and his hands moving to cup cheeks, prickled by the facial hair.

Such a sweet and bitter taste. Like a mix of the whiskey that hid as an undertone of Will’s scent and fine chocolate.

He felt hands wrapped around him, clawing at his back as though clinging for dear life.

Even as it felt as though Will were out of breath, Hannibal continued, not separating until he alone was out of air. A selfishness that he would allow to show itself and that would be trained upon the omega. The mutt to be trained. The art to be finished and admired.

Hot breath hit each other’s faces, gazes staring back in a hunger.

One a hunger for safety and stability. The other a hunger for control.

As Will went to move back in, Hannibal moved back, taking in the look of want in the man’s eyes as he leaned up against the ladder with ragged breaths.

Moving back in, he gave a quick kiss.

Testing the waters, Hannibal dipped his finger into Will’s mouth.

He thought the way that the smaller man took him in was going to cause him to melt, to give in and lose his composure. An uneasy feat.

“Good boy…”

Feeling a calloused hand hold onto his wrist, taking it as an invitation, another finger went into the warm wet mouth. His dark crimson eyes looking into the blue orbs, a hungry look in them that got the alpha excited.

‘*I don’t like eye contact, it’s too… intimate*’

The way that Will sucked on his fingers, his tongue swirling around them and how his lips caressed as they moved slightly out then in again…

Then there was pain.

Teeth started moving in on the fingers in the chasm of Will’s mouth. Hannibal continued to watch, with barely a flinch.

And when they broke skin.

Hannibal had never wanted to take anyone as much as he did then and there, all the blood and warmth rushing to his groin as the pain rushed through him, and his blood started to trickle down Will’s mouth.

He would do anything to meet their lips together again, to dig into him and taste his own blood mixed with spit.

But he remained stoic and calm, holding himself back, lest he lose complete control.

Even as he was spit out, blood splattering on the ground and continuing to drip out from where his skin had been cut by teeth.

They stared at each other for what felt like ages. Will’s gaze turned from inviting to that of disdain with blood on his lips; a look that did nothing to quell what he wanted to do then and there with him. If anything, it only intensified it more, if that had been possible.

How lucky the omega was that Hannibal was well practiced in self control or he would have him then and there.

How he would love to sink his teeth into the pale skin and draw blood, pay back the plasma that was taken from him with more.

Both the men’s’ scents lingered heavy in the air. It would have driven any omega or alpha off the wall to take it in.

Staring, staying still. It was all they did until Will pushed Hannibal away.

With his eyes rolling back, Hannibal knew to sweep in and catch him before he fell. His body going into spasms.

‘Good boy’

The words continued to echo in the pitch black. The only light a spotlight on him as he kneeled down on his knees.

A sound of thin metal clanking against each other echoed along with the words. Until something went around his neck.

Something leather, and holding onto the metal. Tags.

The collar was clasped around his neck, the buckle closing up.

‘Good boy, Dear Will’

And the collar started to slowly tighten up more and more. Even as he clawed at the leather to attempt to relieve the pressure on the wind pipe, it continued to tighten with a strong grip.

Expensive wine. Amber. Bergamot. Blood.

“Plea-“ he was barely able to choke out before everything went black.

The faint metallic taste danced on Will’s tongue as he awoke suddenly, a cold sweat drenching the front of his shirt.

A pressure jumped up onto the pull out beside him and suddenly a cold wet nose was in his face and then a wet tongue.

The surroundings of his home were in front of him. But he didn’t remember making it home. He just remembered something had driven him to…

Oh god.

He kissed Hannibal.

And did… *that*… with his fingers.

Will couldn’t help but wince as he ruffled Winston’s fur.

“You’re awake.”

Will nearly jumped at the sound, looking around to find Hannibal standing from where he sat at the desk with the fishing lures.

“…” Will wanted to hide inside of himself like a turtle. “What happened?”

“Well, it seems that your blockers may not have been working and well…” Hannibal sat himself on the edge of the bed, causing Will to turn the other way. “… you had a seizure. So I brought you back home.”

By the look outside the windows, it was dark. “How long was I out?”

“It is 3 am now.”

Will’s head pounded as he rolled over again onto his back, looking up at the ceiling. “And those bandages on you?”

If Will’s eyes weren’t on the ceiling, he wouldn’t have missed the surprise on the usually stoic man. “You don’t remember that part?”

His hands continued to ruffle at the dog’s fur as he sat up.

“I must apologize…you were not the only one under the control of their instincts…”

“Yeah, it’s fine. Let’s just forget about it, okay?”

“Are you sure you don’t want to talk about it?”

With that, he flung a pillow at the psychiatrist’s head. “Can you not psychoanalyze right me now?”

Chapter End Notes

is it too obvious that i have a collar kink?
also as ive said before this is my first time actually writing as these characters so hope im doing well there ;__;

Worship from a God

Chapter Notes

Excuse me, theyre gay and fucked up your honor

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chp 4

The scent was far too overwhelming. Hannibal wasn't sure how he had been able to hold himself back.

"They have you off your blockers, I assume?" He called up from behind his desk, his gaze meeting the mass huddled into itself on the second floor of bookshelves once his visitors had left and out of earshot. "You're lucky Alana is a beta and Jack is already bonded, you know."

"…" Will was shaking feeling freezing cold, yet sweating at the same time. His throat scratchy and head pounding as he curled into himself, the orange coveralls and light jacket doing little to ease the cold feeling in his bones.

Going here of all places. Off his blockers entirely for a few days had triggered his heat to start prematurely.

Yet, he couldn't go to Alana as she truly believed he had done what he was accused of and would turn him in to 'help' him. And certainly couldn't go to Beverly for the same reason, having collected the evidence off of him first hand.

Yet there he was, in the office of an alpha when his pheromones were going crazy and he would have little control of himself.

"You know escaping custody may not have been the wisest…"

"The guards in the van were alpha." Will's words were shaky, remembering how despite his condition he was so easily able to knock them out and escape. Or perhaps it was because of his condition that he was. "Besides, I need answers before I go…" to go to where the murder he could not remember, that the evidence all pointed towards him doing… where it had taken place. "Take me to where it happened."

It had truly been a shame.

They could have been a happy family. Will and him the fathers of young Abigail. Yet she was not so moldable into how he wanted her, and therefore she had to go.

Yet the strong, sweet scent of the omega was making his mind race with ideas of starting again. Perhaps from scratch. The thought making his mouth water.

It truly took everything not to go feral at the idea. Hell, if Will was any closer, he would not be able to hold back.

“I should warn you. Traveling together in such close proximity in your condition…”

“I don’t care.”

Hannibal stepped back as Will stood up and started climbing down the ladder, fighting back an animalistic urge in himself.

“Neither of us will be in a good headspace to even investigate anything.”

Will himself had to stop as his condition caused him to blank. Why had he come there again? An investigation?

His mind was not quite working. Nothing he felt he shouldn’t be used to at this point, but the intoxicating scent made everything blur into nothing but a want. A need.

“Will…?” From where Will stumbled, he could see the hunger in Hannibal’s eyes, and the tensing in his entire body as if using all his energy to hold back.

“I…” what were his troubles again? why was he in coveralls? What happened the last few days?

That scent… it always seemed to make things better…

“I want…” the aching and itching to go away, to give himself up to the scent enveloping his mind, to feel a warmth again.

Will couldn’t even get so much as a thought, let alone a word when he felt himself pushed into the desk by a pair of strong and demanding arms.

His own arms grabbed at the other body needily, holding it into himself.

Lips met in a fury of violence.

Hands stumbled over bodies, trying and failing in the throws to take hold of fabric and push it away.

Will could only whine as the owner of the scent he so craved separated from him.

Hannibal couldn’t hold back. So much for serenading Will for longer, until he was more broken.

Clothes proved to be a nuisance at the moment.

The whine that came from Will as he moved away to really take in the sight and fuel his rut on.

The flushed out look on the omega, the coat halfway off and the bright orange coveralls nearly ripped already from where Hannibal had tugged tightly at it. Such work of art didn't deserve to be covered up, however.

"Take your clothes off…" Hannibal worked at his own tie and nearly ripped the buttons off of his suit and vest jacket. Far more quickly and messily than he would if he weren't on the absolute edge of his animalistic rut.

It was pleasing enough to see the omega doing just as he commanded, too eager to get some relief from the pains that the out of place cycle no doubt brought upon him.

The coveralls ripped more from the anticipation of being taken off, and were haphazardly thrown to the ground with a loud thud as though something heavy were hidden in them.

Hannibal hadn't completed taking everything off, his white button up hanging off his shoulders, his trousers still on but the belt unbuckled and unbuttoned, before throwing himself back onto Will.

Their needy lips met and his tongue pushed right in between the other's.

He felt heated hands go into his hair, and scratch down his back.

Both of them got temporary relief as his bulge rubbed against Will's.

Even in an instinctual mode brought upon by pheromones, he still had a need to worship the man beneath him instead of just going right in. Even in his current state, he knew better than to not draw out every little bit of noises and looks of pleasure he could before just biting and finishing up.

Teeth clung to his bottom lip as he pulled away again, hanging on in an unwillingness to separate again.

Pain shot through as skin was broken. Yet again, his Will proved to be such a deliciously destructive thing to him when in the throws of need for pleasure and closeness. With a groan, his now bloody lip sprung back as the heated up omega let go.

"Good boy…"

Hannibal's lips started trailing down, kissing and rubbing up against the chiseled jaw line. The blood from his lip left a red line going down where he trailed, staining the skin on Will's jaw and neck.

Then down to his Adam's apple, to his chest… Hannibal was relishing in every peak of Will's body as he moved down, leaving his own thin trail of crimson as he did.

Will's body moved up with the touch, begging for more. To take in more body heat.

His hands faltered as Hannibal went down more, leaving Will clinging to the sides of the table as though his life depended on it.

Daring to look down, it felt as though his body were being worshipped by a mighty god himself, taking in all facets of his being.

He had tasted the god's blood and the god had marked him up for it.

"Hannibal…" He was close to begging the lower the alpha went. "…Stop teasing me"

"It's not teasing…" Will hissed when the wet lips reached his cock, and kissed the pink and wet tip. "…it is merely admiring."

Everything in him wanted to cover up his face when he felt his legs opened up. The reality of how much slick building up came to his mind as the wetness hit the air, causing a coldness down his cheeks and thighs.

His body shivered when he felt a tongue lick at the hole, taking in the slick.

From his heat, Will could only feel excitement. His body squirming in impatience as the alpha took his sweet time licking and sucking at the hole that needed so badly to be filled.

This would be the first time someone would have been down there, taking his body during heat. Even he himself tried to ignore the twitching hole when he was alone in his home during his heats. Even so, his heated up mind could only think of the man between his legs sliding in.

"Hannibal…" he gave another plea, the red on the tip of his twitchy cock from the other's cut lip catching his eyes for a moment. Had he really hurt him that bad? Did he even care right then?

All attention was back on Hannibal, rising up from where he was knelt before.

His chest, hairy, and surprisingly toned. Though he supposed it should not have been too farfetched considering how easily he had grabbed him just moments before.

Reality and doubt sprung back on his mind as Hannibal kicked down his pants off fully, and his cock was on full display.

Doubts of if it would even fit. He hadn't fit anything other than fingers inside himself after all. And the wild look in the alpha's eyes as his legs were thrown over his shoulders were setting off every instinct in him to run, causing it to override the need from his heat, if just for a moment.

"Wa-"

It was a doubt that was quickly overshadowed again when a stretching and burning sensation coursed through him, the slick he produced clearly proving to not be enough.

He grit his teeth, and his body shook as he felt Hannibal enter and slide in. His nails dug into the desk, leaving deep white marks in their wake.

Will hadn't even noticed he had been holding his breath until the alpha was in him completely and stilled for a moment, giving him time to let out the air that had been trapped in his aching lungs.

And then he started moving.

Will's breath hitched, and he winced… and then his face relaxed, mouth agape at the pleasure that the burning had turned into.

It seemed that Hannibal was able to hit spots he didn't even know about in himself.

His eyes closed, taking in the pleasure and the relief of getting what his body was craving, craving for so many years now.

When his eyes opened, Hannibal was above him, meeting eye contact.

"Hannibal-"

"Will-" Hannibal leaned down, their lips meeting each other again, less violent than before. "My Will."

"My Will" he repeated, rubbing his nose into Will's neck and taking in the scent of pine and freshwater. Such an inviting thing.

The more Hannibal was inside, the more he wanted to just bite down. Down and taste flesh while giving a knot.

So warm… so tight… so…

A shout permeated his ears as the metallic taste hit his tongue and a hot liquid spilling onto his abdomen.

His teeth has sunk down into pale flesh, deep and scarring. Bonding the two together.

Hannibal's eyes dilated as his teeth clung on, and his hips moved faster.

The cries that Will was making were better than any symphony or opera. The smell of pine and cries were the only thing in the world to him.

With a swelling, he couldn't move anymore. Stuck inside Will. His Will. His whimpering Will.

Who would have thought that these noises could come from such a man known for his snarky remarks.

While waiting for the swelling to go down, Hannibal allowed his teeth to release from their hold.

He watched as blood pooled out from where his canines had dug in, and licked at the indent to clean it up a bit.

The omega underneath him was a panting sweaty mess. Eyes glazed over.

Though the fever like heat radiating from his body had gone down quite a bit.

It proved quite a long time until the knot had swelled down.

Or at least it felt like hours, with Will laying there, weighed down by the body on top of him and a throbbing pain where he was bitten.

In the aftermaths of ecstasy, he merely looked up at the ceiling.

He could feel the set of eyes never once leaving him through the entire time.

Yet no thoughts coursed through his mind for once.

Which he found surprisingly pleasant despite being so unfamiliar.

Almost as pleasant as the scent that surrounded him still.

The scent becoming even more comforting, tickling all the positive receptors in his brain.

His fingers twirled straight golden-silver hair as the owner of the locks and the scent leaned his head against his chest. The weight right where his steadying heart was behind his ribcage.

Why was he there again?

To see Hannibal…

To get comfort? Or maybe was it answers…?

Where was he the last few days before? what had he been wearing when he came there?

Will shot up suddenly, biting his own lip in frustration.

“We need to go. Now.”

Hannibal seemed to be in his own confused haze which was quickly removed by a few blinks. “We should clean ourselves up first.”

The car ride was quiet.

Unbearably quiet.

Will didn't once look his way, instead choosing to keep his eyes out the window.

He rubbed at the patch on his neck where the bitemark still bled.

Marked and claimed by an alpha when he was on the run… how could he have let this happen?

Either way, it did happen. But he had more important things to worry about.

If he could just figure out who it was on the phone that had warned Hobbs.

Will's mind swirled with possibilities until he heard Hannibal's voice and felt the car stop. "We're here."

His palms were shaky again as he stepped out of the car, and back into the fated house.

He gulped when he saw the pool of dried blood in the kitchen by the sink.

Who was it on the phone?

"Well? What do you see Will?"

"…"

Will was silent, taking in the clues and reconstructing them.

Hannibal couldn't say he was too surprised when the gun was pointed at him. If anything the threat made him want to take Will again if he would have so permitted it.

"You… you were the man on the phone. Weren't you?"

His hands up, the larger man stepped forward, staring down the gun. "are you a killer, Will? You. Right now. this man standing in front of me. Is this who you really are?"

It was a dare. He wanted to see how far Will, his Will, would go.

"I am who I've always been. The scales have just fallen from my eyes. I can see you now." the gun in Will's hands shook while he hesitated.

He would have to train the hesitation out of him one da-

The thought was cut off by the sound of a gun.

And the feeling as blood splattered onto him as Will fell.

“Hannibal!” Jack’s voice sounded behind him, disappointing him. He wanted to see how far Will would truly go.

Chapter End Notes

so i was originally going to make them bond/claimed after their first kill together but,,, turns out i dont have the patience to write slowburn so had to replan from that

also wish i had people to talk hannibal with so:
discord: shörk#7320
twit: @WhorePlatinum

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His line cast off, into the clear water of the river. The lure catching a glint of the sunlight before sinking into the flowing water.

The rocks underneath his feet were unstable, but he was able to get the right stance to not slip. The freezing cold water just a frigid chill against the waders as he watched the bobber move with the water.

His meditation. The sounds, the sights, the smells. The only refuge from his hyperactive mind.

"*And how does that make you feel?*"

"Huh?"

The voice brought him from his mind, back into the small cage and the itchy uniform.

"I said: how does that make you feel?"

Will blinked at the psychiatrist in front of him.

Dr. Chilton. He had worked with him before, but that voice was particularly grating to him now that he had to listen to it nearly all day.

"I'm not talking to you." Will finally spoke for the first time since arriving at the facility, not even catching the look on the doctor's face before going back to the river he had been so rudely interrupted from.

An omega serial killer. It wasn't unheard of, but certainly rare. And especially to such an extent.

'The hospital's crown jewel' he had heard himself called.

Yet, he didn't do it. He was… not fully certain of it, he couldn't remember a thing.

He had pointed the gun, the finger, and no one was listening to him. Instead, his words being accounted as being the ramblings of a hysteric omega. Brought upon the encephalitis and accentuated by the stress of being bonded after such a long time in hiding.

The scent of the river and the forest was interrupted. By a familiar wine, bergamot. And of course blood. The blood that came out from where it hid behind the other notes to be upfront. The metallic tang permeating the area.

A scent he loathed, yet needed to be in the presence of.

“Dr. Lecter.” Will was back in his cell, staring down the man on the other side of the glass.

“Will.”

“*It’s quite common for an omega to blame their alpha for their crimes*” he had been told.

It is not every day that the omega was clever enough to actually be correct.

Not like anyone could know that, however.

The look on everyone’s faces when they brought Will in for processing, just to find the bond mark and that their profiler was indeed an omega. It was all quite amusing actually.

And there he was, locked in a cage like the prized exotic pet of an aristocrat. Oh so beautiful but ready to pounce if allowed the chance.

“*You are obsessed with Will Graham*” Bedalia’s words echoed in his head.

Of course she was correct, but the profiler’s intriguing mind and body shaped by a sculptor made it impossible not to be.

“I’ve told you time and time again. Hannibal, not Dr. Lecter.” Hannibal took in the blue glare, going right into his own eyes with a mix of hatred yet a longing. “Especially now as we’re mates.”

The glare only continued.

“I was told that you were… expecting. But the treatment caused a miscarriage.” Hannibal looked on, faking a solemn look. The child would have been left in his care, which with his lifestyle he hadn’t the time for. “I’m so sorry Will-“

“I don’t want to bring your child into the world anyways.”

The bluntness hit Hannibal harder than he realized it would have. “And I’ve also been told how you think I’m the Chesapeake Ripper… I can assure you that I just want what’s best for you.”

“Oh, I know you are.” Will’s approach to the glass was slow, daunting. With each step, his glare did not miss its mark once. “I don’t need a reminder of you. I know you did something to me. Now my inner thoughts sound like you. I can’t get you out of my head”

“It is likely the effect of the bonding that you can’t get me out of your head.” Hannibal’s words only caused Will’s upper lip to rise in a snarl. “I know I can’t get you out of mine.

“*I miss him*.” He remembered telling Bedelia. Will’s absence in his office had not gone unnoticed, and he even craved the presence in more intimate areas of his home.

“Yeah, very romantic to frame me for murder, Dr. Lecter.”

Beverly was a woman of evidence, and the evidence was damning against him. Yet, she found herself at the BSHCI, across from Will Graham, crime scene photos and information on hand and being asked to look deeper into the evidence that was so apparent in his conviction.

The lower alpha watched as he took in the case file, piecing together the scene of the bailiff being planted upon the stag horns.

Setting the papers down, he ran through what he could piece together about the suspect, feeling the eyes of the orderly watching from the other side of the glass.

Beverly seemed reluctant to leave, wanting to ask something but uncertain of the words or of the answer.

“Spill it.”

Will had no time for beating around bushes now. Not like there was much to do when he would be brought back to his bare cell, where the only thing he had to keep him company was his own mind.

“It’s just… going to an alpha in the condition you were in…”

“A dumb decision, I know.” Will let his body lean against the cold steel table, wrists numb from the cold metal that had been pressing against the skin for what felt like an eternity at that time. “Besides, I needed answers.”

“About Hannibal…”

“Yes.”

There was another moment of silence, Beverly’s eyes finally looking at him since he was brought in to collect the damning evidence. “You could have come to me-“

“And you would have turned me in.”

Will had certainly seen her as a friend now. A trusted one, even. Maybe even someone, as an alpha, that he could have allowed to see his newly opened side as an omega if he hadn’t been so intent on hiding it.

She had a good head on her shoulders and the conviction to do what she thought was right. But that would have meant his undoing, and the allure of the psychiatrist and the answer he needed was far greater than anything on his mind during his heat.

“Just…please. Remember to ignore all pretenses you have and look into the evidence. And go to Jack if you find anything.” It was a conversation he wasn’t looking to have, instead changing the subject back to the one thing he could use out of helping with cases while behind bars.

“Of course.” Beverly started to get up, ready to leave the door and signal to the orderly that she was ready to leave.

“remember to be careful…” Will called out, and she nodded in response.

He just hadn’t expected that it would be the last time he would have seen her with hope in his heart.

Instead, the next time he saw her, his heart was full of dread. A sorrow that he would never see her or hear her quips back at Jimmy and Brian ever again as he stood in the silo, forcing himself to think in her killer’s shoes. only able to move forward with the idea that she would have wanted him to look at the facts of the evidence in front of him, to catch who had done this.

And as he finished and was sat back in his cell, an anger burned through him.

A talk with Freddie Lounds, and an invitation published on Tattlecrimes later.

He just hadn’t expected that the killer he was trying to invite to him would be the softspoken orderly with a lisp.

“Ask me to do anything and I’ll do it.”

It took little to decide what that would be. The anger still flaring in his heart from the silo.

“Kill Hannibal Lecter.”

Mathew had nodded without hesitation, like a well trained dog taking orders by his master.

The beta had decided the two were alike. That they belonged to ‘hunt’ together. And it would give the orderly hope if the man that Will was bonded to was out of the picture. Besides, the lovesick dog would do anything for such a killer that Will was perceived to be. Truly the perfect person to do the dirty work that he could not do while at BHSCI.

A failed assassination attempt sent by the other with the would be assassin going on about his connection with his Will, being denied to see him by the wretched excuse of a doctor of the mind, and his heart yearning for his pet to be freed and in his arms to hold and to manipulate the darkness within far easily…

Hannibal just couldn’t help it anymore.

Will was supposed to be his scape goat but he couldn’t take the distance anymore.

He needed to hold him. Have a back to back conversation again. He needed to punish him for not only sending someone to kill him, but also for having someone else fall for the charms that were supposed to be his and his alone now.

So it wasn’t too hard for Hannibal to quickly whip up a new scape goat.

Hit two birds with one stone, technically speaking.

Get Will out, rid himself of Frederick Chilton. A win-win actually.

"You know that you'll be released into Hannibal's care, right?"

Jack had been the one to get Will from the hospital, wanting to bring him to a crime scene. And then he had to go grab his stuff from his old home in Wolf Trap.

He could say a snide remark about how he had just gotten out that day and was already being put to work, but something in him wanted that familiarness, and that he could continue working despite being a bonded omega.

Jack had his suspicions now, and Will's own had never truly left him but instead burned brighter.

The two had seemed to come upon an understanding that Will's new position as Hannibal's omega would allow certain advantages in their quiet investigation, yet Jack had his doubts. Afterall, and omega is bound to their alpha and does as they are told- or some outdated idea like that.

But Will had spent all those years shadowing as a beta. It would take far more to get him to act like that. To turn his eye on the atrocities committed and just allow them to continue.

A separate section was being built for the dogs. Well, more like a temperature controlled and insulated shed than anything.

In a way, Hannibal wished that they could stay with Alana. Dogs proved too often be nosy and to get into places they shouldn't.

How unfortunate for his dear Will, that laws dictated he move in with the alpha.

Or rather how fortunate and yet unfortunate for Hannibal.

Sure, it meant more time with Will, but it would be far more difficult to get away with his unorthodox hobbies until he could unleash the darkness within the profiler.

Will's little pack was to be brought over upon the completion of the shed, but the omega was stopping by to see them before coming here.

Taking the opportunity, Hannibal decided to get some last minute shopping, and hunting, done.

It was dark by the time he had come home.

Kicking his loafers off at the door, he headed for the kitchen.

Starting to put things away, the smell of his omega permeated his olfactory.

“Would you like anything?” Hannibal kept his gaze into the fridge, seeing what he could whip up moderately quickly if Will was hungry.

With the sound of the click of a gun, he turned slowly.

“I guess not.”

There was Will. His Will that he had missed so much. Standing a few feet away from him with a gun pointed at him.

“We didn’t finish our conversation.” All Hannibal could think about while Will pointed the gun was how unfortunate it was not to ask to keep the mask, not taking the threat seriously yet. The images from the Tattletale site were enough to hold him over with fantasies. “We were rudely interrupted last time.”

“You wouldn’t.” Hannibal almost dared Will.

“I would.”

The answer was enough to excite him, wanting to train Will to let more of this side of him out.

“If you shoot, and I’m not the ripper… then you kill an innocent man.”

“And if you are the ripper…”

“Then you miss out on getting answers for all the questions I am sure you have.”

There was a silence. Will showed a hesitance.

As Will stepped forward, the gun against Hannibal’s head, the alpha couldn’t help but flinch as the click of the gun being readied made him realize the threat was far more serious than he had originally taken it as.

Would he truly?

It was such an exciting concept. But it would be far too soon for that, and he wanted a different darkness unleashed upon himself. This kind could be left for others.

Yet the adrenaline proved enough to cause that excitement to pool in his extremities.

The theoretical collar could wait, for Will had yet to be tamed. Nor would he ever truly be. But be kept a wild mutt.

A wildness that filled his mind with dirty thoughts.

Will could only step back. The intenseness of emotions in Hannibal’s pheromones was making him lose his senses.

Fuck, so it was true that a mate's scents were cranked up to an extreme upon being claimed. With his gift it proved a dizzying amount.

"Are you… are you really turned on at a time like this?"

Geez, maybe that was enough evidence he needed. What sicko would be turned on by a gun being pointed at them other than a psychopath.

"It's been a while since I have seen you, and the adrenaline is not helping." Hannibal's answer was nonchalant despite the weapon pointed at him.

Yet again, Will caught that hunger in those eyes.

Will was prey. A different kind of prey, that was to be devoured whole instead of ripped apart and eaten.

A prey to lure in, except this time Will was the fish in the stream, drawn in by the glint in darkness to drive him towards it.

Would he really allow himself to give in and bite?

Perhaps, just this one time…

"Get down on the ground." His voice was stern.

He wouldn't be the prey but the hunter this time around.

With Hannibal taking too long, Will jumped upon him, discarding the gun as he pinned his mate to the hard ground.

His ass pressed against the clothed bulge. The interest clear in the twinkle in the alpha's burgundy eyes.

"You're into some really messed up things."

"My mate is home and on top of me. What isn't there to be excited about?" Hannibal's mouth curled up in an ever subtle smirk.

A smirk that annoyed Will enough to lean down and clash their lips together just so he wouldn't have to see it anymore. His hand gripping the collar of the expensive shirt on Hannibal's body.

"You get me, don't you?" Hannibal breathed, rubbing his nose in Will's scent gland when their lips separated. His larger hands cradling the omega's ass, prompting it to start rocking on the bulge.

"Though I must say. It is strange we end up like this each time you point a gun at me." Hannibal pointed out, his nose still buried in Will's neck, inhaling his scent deeply.

"Are you complaining?"

"No. I will complain about that the lube is upstairs. And you aren't in heat so it is needed."

With the roll of his eyes, Will got up. Not bothering with picking the gun back up as he leaned against the counter.

Hannibal stepped toward him, giving him a peck on the corner of his lips "I will be right back."

Sighing and crossing his arms, Will remained against the counter, looking around.

This was his home now. Pristine and dark. Somehow familiar and unfamiliar.

Hannibal was more than eager to head back to the kitchen, lube in hand.

Keeping his expression calm despite the blood rushing to his cock, he entered back into the kitchen. His suit jacket and vest put away in his room leaving just the off white button up against his torso.

"You took too long, I'm over it." Will moved from the counter, an annoyed look on his face. An annoyance likely pointed towards himself than to Hannibal, knowing the omega. "Also I'm staying in the guest room."

"Very well then." Hannibal had to hide his disappointment, though his red lips fell in a sort of frown.

Walking through his-their- house in quiet, he showed Will the way to the guest room, helping him bring his luggage in.

He stood behind the door for a few moments behind the door after the brunette had closed it, in the off chance there would be a change of mind.

Though an off chance it would be, knowing how stubborn of an omega he was.

Changing in pajamas and setting himself into his bed alone felt almost like a defeat.

He waited. Lights off, his breathing controlled in a steady rhythm as though he were asleep.

There was a creak of the door. The sweet scent of his mate pleased his olfactory as footsteps slowly crept into the room and towards the bed.

His eyes remained closed, pretending to be in a deep enough sleep that he wouldn't notice the weight shifting the mattress as it pressed onto the soft bed.

The body layer on the other side of Hannibal, the two facing eachother based on the hot breath hitting his face.

Hannibal was glad for the darkness, hiding the smile on his lips and allowing him to open his eyes, waiting for them to adjust in the dark.

Will was beside him, already fast asleep.

Hannibal stayed there, watching Will. More peaceful than he had ever seen him.

Inching forward, he cradled his mate in his arms, their foreheads together.

Chapter End Notes

Anyways will/Beverly is best straight ship in Hannibal, don't @ me

Chapter 6

Where Will woke up was far less cold than the cell he was in at BSHCI, far softer and lacking the smell of mildew.

Instead he had woken up under warm sheets. On an actual bed, and a familiar comforting scent penetrating deep into his scent glands. A familiar scent that made him feel safe and as though he was where he was meant to be.

He had brought the sheet closer to his nose, taking in more of it and the extra notes he could notice now. Fresh cracked pepper and other savory spices, amber, as well as musk.

He hadn't noticed the smile curled on his lips. It felt like home.

Until he came back to his senses, his body shooting up in a start and throwing the soft fabric away from his face.

Was that one of those instincts that came over omegas when mated? Along with why he was not in the guest bedroom anymore? He had remembered staying up with a longing pulling at his heart, keeping him awake until he had moved rooms.

He had heard of how instincts took over more when an omega has an alpha, but he had been intent on living as a beta for the rest of his life and had chosen to ignore most of that part of sex education years and years ago.

Or perhaps he just didn't want to be alone after the weeks he had spent at the facility, constantly being watched but lonely.

The bed beside him was empty, an indent on the mattress the only sign that anyone else had been there.

Padding his way out of the room and into the hallway, he could hear the sound of sizzling and movement in the kitchen downstairs.

"Good morning!" Hannibal looked up from the eggs in the pan when Will made his way down and into the kitchen.

"..." Will looked on, wary of what else would be in the pan.

"I'm making a breakfast scramble for us." Hannibal moved the eggs around in the pan, moving them quickly off the heat before they could harden, flecks of other colors popped out from the pale yellow from other ingredients. "The same one I made for you when I recall you said I wasn't interesting." He smiled up at Will, his eyes shining as though he had told a bad joke.

"No thanks… I should get ready."

"For what?" Hannibal looked up, a questioning cock to his head.

"Going ice fishing with Jack later. For that dinner you wanted to have with the both of us." Will thought he could see a corner of the other's lip twitching. Jealousy? "To sign off for me to continue working with him?"

"Oh, yes. Of course." Hannibal calmed himself down. His own instincts kicked in as he had heard the other alpha's name from his mate's mouth.

Jack wasn't a worry at least. For now.

"It's very cold out, make sure to bundle up enough." Hannibal allowed himself to dote, noticing the rough stare from Will, a stark contrast from the peaceful way he looked on the other side of his bed. If he believed in angels, he would have thought that Will was one with how peaceful he had looked sleeping beside him.

"At least have a bite." He offered up the scramble on two plates. Cooked to perfection, with the residual heat finishing them off. He had opted for the butcher bought sausage instead of his handmade which he preferred much more. But he was airing a side of caution just as he had with his last dinner party. Those FBI men could be tricky, afterall.

There was a hesitance he noticed in Will. Though he took the plate, he just stared at it before taking a bite.

"Good. You'll need energy for the day." Hannibal beamed at Will again and dug into his own dish at the counter beside his mate.

The crisp winter air stung at Will's face. It was somehow a comfort compared to the stuffy chill of the cell.

The white of the snowed out land blinded him when the sun hit it just right, feeling brighter than usual due to the stuffy dim of the cell he was used to, and the more cozy low light that Hannibal kept his house in.

"I'm a fisherman, Jack." He said, holding onto the pole with the line sunk below the dark waters of the hole they had made in the ice to catch the sleepy fish below. "I can lure. And in this case I am the bait."

"Well, you hook them. I'll land them. I'm just worried about your instincts." Jack replied, before continuing after seeing the dirty look shot at him by Will. "If you grow too attached to actually turn him in…"

"I won't." Will was far too certain in it, even with giving in the night before and moving into Hannibal's room in the middle of the night. "I never wanted this…"

"And that's why I'm getting you back to profiling. Off the books, of course."

Will took out a flask he had filled up with whiskey, and Jack motioned for him to share.

A share of a drink among friends. If one would consider an unofficial boss that had practically helped in pushing him over the edge a friend. Will supposed he was now, however, being the only one to believe him about the alpha waiting back home.

In another life, he could have seen Jack as a father figure even. But the feeling of betrayal he had felt before, it was something he couldn’t shake off entirely.

"I just need Hannibal's written permission as a formality."

"I know." Will took another swig of the flask as it was returned. "I'm not some house omega that can be content staying home with a pup on his hip."

"I'm aware. I know my Bella isn't a standard omega like that as well."

They sat in silence after that, Will picking up on the solemnness in Jack's soul after he had mentioned his mate.

"It was my turn to provide the meat."

The words coming from Will would have had Hannibal pin him down and take him then and there, if only Jack weren't there and if the meat hadn't been merely a trout.

Granted even a freshwater fish could be flavorful with Hannibal's skills.

"Yes, I suppose there's been a bit of mistrust that we would like to apologize for."

Hannibal thought he was going to snarl and show his teeth by the way Jack had said 'we'. Perhaps his own possessive instincts were getting the better of him. Or maybe Will Graham just did that to him. He had been rather craving the other even before he had sunk his teeth into his sweet mating glands.

"All is forgiven and forgotten." Hannibal sat at the end of the table as he always had, wishing to be across from his Will where Jack sat.

He supposed he did have eternity to sit across from that beautiful man and take in every inch of his face and broad shoulders. Every perfect curl on his head, too long and scraggly now from the lack of a haircut, but oh so endearing otherwise.

Was he obsessive as Bedelia had said he was? Of course he was. But when presented with someone with such a potential and the ability to see the darkness in others, and a body seemingly sculpted by the gods themselves, it was hard not to be obsessive.

They had finished their meal in conversation and made their way to Hanibal's home study.

"Quite the old law, is it not?" Hannibal remarked, handing the signed papers over.

"I agree. Though not every omega is like Will." Jack signed the papers, and placed them in the manilla folder.

An old and terrible law indeed. Keeping submissive omegas at home once they were bonded. Home to take care of their nests and the pups. Home to not get in the way of alphas and betas who, according to them, actually do the work.

If it weren't for Hannibal's need to regain Will's trust, he very well could have kept Will home to rot away. Likely drive him even crazier from the lack of purpose outside of home making.

Once Jack had left, Hannibal rejoined Will in the study after showing the agent to the door.

"Omegas used to be seen as much less fragile things." Hannibal started, pouring two glasses of whiskey into glasses.

Will was more than welcome for the drink, leaning against the desk he swirled the glass and took a sip.

"If the alpha were to die or decide to just leave, it was up to the omega to protect themselves and the pups." Hannibal continued, taking his seat behind the desk.

The brunette could feel eyes on him. Hannibal hadn't exactly been discrete with his stares to his ass from day one. He just hadn't said anything about it before, nor did he feel the need to now.

"Therefore omegas were warriors in their own right. Maybe even tougher."

"Trying to make me feel better about my second gender?" Will peered back, catching just as dark burgundy eyes peered up more, as though they had just been caught looking at something they weren't supposed to.

"I want you to like it here."

"I liked it at Wolf Trap."

Closer to the city was loud. And not in the way that Will liked- the sound of the breeze, crickets chirping. Instead it was cars, occasionally a loud walker by. The lack of nature other than in the backyard was something he didn't appreciate.

Will could see the disappointed frown on Hannibal's full lips. there was no surprise in his expression.

Will's eyes continued to stare at the lips. He hadn't remembered much, if anything of their bonding. Only that he had been found with quite a lot of blood on his body unrelated to the bullet, and the deep scar that had been made by those teeth behind those pink lips.

A scar far deeper and with more savagery than was average for a bonding bite.

His hand grazed the indents in his skin. The purples and deep red had gone away, but a pink took their places where teeth had drawn blood.

"Does it hurt still?" Hannibal asked,

"No…maybe a little itchy at most." His hand dropped down to his side.

"I have some ointment that can help with that-"

"No, I think I'm just going to head to bed."

"If you need it, I'll put it at the bed side." Hannibal smiled up at Will once again from his seat at the desk, and Will knew he had to get out of there before that smile made him want to feel the other's lips against his.

"Yeah, alright." Will waved him off and headed out of the room.

Past the guest room, and right into the master bedroom.

It was quite the surprise to find Will outside his office door the next day.

Will had woken up, choosing to go right to Alana's. Not for a friendly catch up but merely to see the dogs and that was it. It was clear he had no intention of spending actual time with his old friend after she refused to believe a word he said, and was so willing to believe that he had killed those people, even if while blacked out during the crimes.

Hannibal was left breathless when Will turned around.

Sure, he loved the rugged look that Will often had, but at the same time the omega cleans up very nicely. His curls soft curls cut and combed back, his stubble cleanly shaven.

"Come in." He finally was able to say, catching the glimpse of the beautiful creature as he held the door open for him.

"You kept my time open?"

"Of course." Hannibal closed the door behind him, enjoying how the salmon shirt and the dress pants clung to the waist.

The time had remained open with Hannibal refusing to fill it with anyone else. He would use the time, sitting in his usual seat, the emptiness of the seat across from him feeling like the piece missing in his heart. Accentuating the longing it had.

He would use the time to daydream. Of his Will, covered in someone else's blood while inviting Hannibal inside. His own attack dog. And then he would shake it off and think about

how to get Will out of the facility so he can make those daydreams closer and closer to a reality.

"What is it that brought you to my office?"

Will sat down in the leather chair, legs spread as he looked up at Hannibal. "I would like to continue my therapy."

"That would be highly unconventional and unprofessional of me to keep you as a client." Hannibal sat in the chair across from Will, entranced by him.

"Since when has any of this been conventional or professional?" Will cooked his head to the side, his words challenging Hannibal to either agree or lie.

"In the beginning it was." Hannibal looked deep into those blue eyes, completely entranced by them.

“I prefer sins of omission to outright lies, *Doctor Lecter* .” Will was such a cunning one. “Don’t lie to me.”

Dancing around the truth, it was what they did. There were no lies, but the answers were in riddles or new questions. That was how Hannibal always did it, and would not stop.

“Promise me you’ll return the courtesy in that case.”

Will just looked on at Hannibal, the look on his face a nonverbal ‘yes’.

“Why have you resumed your therapy?” A genuine curiosity. He could have easily gone somewhere else if he were so distrustful of Hannibal now. Though he did believe he knew the answer.

“Can’t just talk to any psychiatrist about what’s kicking around in my head.”

Will’s answer was what was expected. If any other psychiatrist could hear the dark thoughts swirling in that head that has taken on the thoughts of so many, Hannibal would have found himself jealous. But he knew that he was the only one that could truly see deep within to catch it, to draw it out.

“Do you fantasize about killing me?” The question hung at the back of his mind from the moment he had opened the office door, half expecting to find a gun pointed at him again.

“Yes.”

The answer was quick enough to tell Hannibal that it didn’t need much thought at all.

“Tell me. How would you do it?” The thought interested him greatly. What kind of method would his Will choose for him? What did Will see when he closed his eyes at night, when anger swirled around hoaxing that beautiful darkness within?

“With my hands.”

The words were like music to Hannibal's ears.

Killing with bare hands. It was inarguably the most intimate way. The method when you saw your victim, and had complete power as the light leaves their eyes. The euphoria of it all.

"Then we haven't moved past apologies and forgiveness, have we?" He had to hold himself back. The urge to have Will's hands around his neck. It was almost too much to bear.

"We've moved past a lot of things." Will remarked, his eyes catching the way that the alpha adjusted in his seat. "I discovered something about myself while I tried to get you killed."

"That doing bad things to bad people makes you feel good." Hannibal could feel himself start to salivate. The hunger to hear more was starting to become too much.

"Yes." Will's answer was soft, his head nodding slightly as his gaze returned up to meet Hannibal's.

"I need to know if you are going to try and kill me again, Will."

Will licked his lips, no doubt just teasing Hannibal as he caught him adjusting again, trying to suppress the tightness in his suit pants. "I don't want to kill you anymore, Doctor Lecter." Hannibal thought he was going to drown in Will's eyes. So full of suppressed anger, but also mischief and amusement. "Not now that I finally find you *interesting*."

Hannibal's lips curled up into a smile. He was unable to suppress his excitement anymore.

"You said you would kill me with your bare hands…" His legs uncrossed, bearing his physical reaction to those words. "Care to show me how you would do it?"

Will's expression didn't change once as he stood from where he sat. Each step felt tantalizingly slow, as though he meant to tease Hannibal with how long he was taking to close the short distance.

He felt his breath hitch when Will finally reached him, moving to sit down right on his lap. His bulge rubbed against the omega as he sat, an unavoidable thing that caused his mouth to go agape.

The same expression remained on Will's face, a determination in the ocean blue hues as his hands reached up, and wrapped right around Hannibal's throat.

His hips moved up as the thumb pressed down against his adam's apple, restricting the airway and causing his body to cough out instinctively. His dark burgundy eyes looked right into Will's blue, that darkness seeping out by the minute. Threatening to end him there already.

Instead, the hand let go and Hannibal took a deep breath out and in.

The feeling of his hands on Hannibal's throat was tantalizing, opting to let go for the same reason he hadn't shot him the night before. For answers before he would get his due justice.

The poking on his ass only got harder as his fingers pressed down, making it all the more enjoyable to do. "You enjoyed that." he remarked, a smirk curling at his lips.

"Erotic asphyxiation is a common thing." He felt Hannibal's hands upon his waist. "Though it is usually done much safer than pressing down directly there."

"Show me, then." Will had said the words before he had even thought about it.

Before he could react, Hannibal's large hand was on his neck. Fingers pressed on the side of the neck where the carotid artery lay slightly below the jawline.

The pressure was light, but enough that oxygen struggled to move, but he didn't feel the need to cough.

Will's pupils dilated when the pressure was relieved and oxygen to the brain rushed back, the release of endorphins causing him to feel a rush.

"You liked it." It wasn't a question from Hannibal, but a statement.

"Yes." Will breathed out, his hand reaching up to Hannibal's wrist. Unsure whether to hold it there or to pull him away.

His hand moved away from the wrist, instead sliding down his own face in thought.

Slick was starting to produce. He could tell.

Though omegas didn't produce nearly as much slick when out of heat, if they were turned on some would start to produce.

"Tell me, *Doctor* …" Will bit his lip, wishing he didn't have the need to know. "...how many times have you thought about doing that?"

"Many." Hannibal's voice was smooth as silk, the fingers pressing back in eliciting a groan from Will. "I've thought of doing this, while bending you over my desk. Bringing out as much euphoria from you as I can."

The fingers let go and Will nearly moaned at the release of chemicals in his brain, dizzying and euphoric in its own right.

Will wasn't sure what had spurred him on so. Choking Hannibal for that moment that he had, or getting choked in this way by the alpha. His alpha.

Will gave a nod to Hannibal. His own nonverbal consent that he hoped the other would understand.

"You aren't going to leave me hanging like you did last night, are you?" Hannibal whispered in his ear, nibbling on the lobe.

“No. Not this time.”

“Good. I need to punish you for that. But your words were so beautiful I should reward you instead.”

Being picked up so easily felt strange to Will. As Hannibal stood up, he had hung on to him, bringing him over to the desk.

Will had barely a moment to move his feet when he was put down in front of the desk as he had been turned around to face away from the alpha so quickly.

“Then again, punishment does sound good.”

Those words sent a shiver up Will’s spine, and that large hand hung onto the curls at the back of his head as the other splayed on his back, pushing him down until his cheek was on the wood.

It didn’t take long for his shoes and pants to be removed, and then his boxers, leaving him bare and suddenly very aware of what was happening.

He hadn’t even remembered the day he had been claimed. In his mind, this felt as though it were his first time with someone else. Not his fingers, or the toys he had tried out that barely did a thing during his heat spells. But someone else.

He propped himself up by the elbows, freed from the hands holding him down as they were preoccupied with garments that proved to be in the way. There was a curiosity. He wanted to see it. Wanted to find out how big it was, how it looked in general.

Just as he was about to turn around, the hand reached back for him, pushing him back down with a grunt.

Will’s eyes widened as he felt something long and hard going between his cheeks, and resting on his back before rubbing.

It felt as though it were huge. How did that thing manage to fit inside of him?!

His heart thumped heavily as it lined up with his hole. Was it anticipation or fear for what was to come? He couldn’t tell.

Until it breached inside, and he had to clench his teeth. His slick was not nearly enough for something of that size.

The fingers pressed down on his carotid again, making him forget all about that burn from the stretching.

It seemed to keep going until he felt skin against him as Hannibal bottomed out inside.

Hannibal leaned down, letting go of the sides of Will's neck and hearing him take in a deep breath.

"Are you doing okay?" He rubbed himself against Will's scent glands, taking in every new note he could make out.

"Yes." Will breathed out.

His hand grabbed onto the soft dark curls again, lifting Will's head up and getting a groan from him.

Hannibal kissed along his neck, nipping and sucking on the skin. Leaving marks in places that would be hard to hide.

He would have preferred them seen as equals, but right now he was the predator and Will was the prey.

His hand remained around Will's throat, pressing and releasing, taking in every breath and noise that came from the omega below him.

Until Will had enough.

The omega's hips swayed, moving on Hannibal's cock impatiently.

Or perhaps Will wanted at least some kind of power in this situation. And setting the speed was his way of doing it as he moved his hips back and forth.

"This was supposed to be a punishment, naughty boy." Hannibal pressed down harder on the artery, but it only made Will move faster.

It was all too good that with this safer method of restricting airflow they could still talk, as he took in each moan that his sweet beautiful Will spilled out as he fucked himself on Hannibal's cock.

There was only so much more that Will could take, cumming as soon as the fingers on his neck relaxed. The ecstasy he felt was worth the feeling of giving up his control as he stilled, burying his face into the desk.

"Naughty boy." The hand on his neck moved to his hair, pulling his head up off the desk. "You got your ejaculate on my table."

"And?" Will's breath was heavy. He hadn't understood just how good it could feel to do this with someone else. Even if that someone else was likely a killer.

In a way, that actually made it even more thrilling. He couldn't quite pinpoint in himself what it was, or if it were his omega instincts kicking in again.

He was the fisherman, and the bait at the same time. But right now he was the prey.

The predator breathed down his neck, a low guttural growl came from his throat that caused Will's heart to beat faster.

"And that just won't do." The growled response replied. "Neither will you being turned away from me."

Will was about to make another snarky comment when he was pulled by the hips, and turned around.

Suddenly, the stag man looked very foreboding. The large, muscular body hovered over him, holding on to his chin and holding it in place to look right into that pitch black soul.

"You'd better look at me next time you climax." Hannibal's demand ran in his ears, coming from the stagman.

When he was reentered into he melted right into it despite the continued racing in his chest and the reluctance he had to give up complete control.

The pace the stagman thrusted was relentless as Will tried to get a hold onto the creaking desk below him. Instead he flailed a bit before allowing his arms to drop and hold on to the edge where their bodies met.

He wanted to look away, but the hand held his face in place. Even as his eyes tried to dart from the pitch black form, he would get a pinch somewhere sensitive to bring the gaze back. First his sides, then his nipple, then his cockhead. Until he remained unwavered, looking right into the soulless void of the eyes.

It was too much, especially as he could feel the knot starting to form and stretching him out more. Until it went in one last time with a rough thrust, causing the bundle of nerves inside of Will to electrify the rest of his body. His face contorted from the pleasure as he came again.

A blink. And Hannibal was back in the stagman's stead.

The hand holding his head in place was now stroking his cheek as they were locked there.

"Don't expect this…" Will panted out "...for every therapy session."

"What is the fun of it, if it is expected?"

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

just a kind of short light hearted chapter for inbetween

Will tried to budge away, but continued to be held down by Hannibal. The alpha's nose buried into the mating gland, taking in Will's scent.

"Now what…?" Will tried to move again, moving his bottom but finding them interlocked. Were they just supposed to stay there for however long?

"Now we wait." Hannibal kissed the scent gland, up his neck, his jawline, and finally to his lips.

Will reciprocated, the soft lips feeling nice against his own.

"For how long?"

"Who knows?"

Will frowned, the answer was clearly not a good enough one. "There a way to speed it up?"

"No. Have somewhere to be?" Hannibal kissed back down on Will's jawline, adding some teeth to the mix.

"Don't you have another appointment?"

"I can reschedule. Unfortunate accidents happen all the time."

Will looked up at the ceiling. Unfortunate accidents indeed.

Though the percentage rates were lower, pups could result when knotted while not in heat. And there he was, stuck with Hannibal's knot inside of him.

He was not opposed to having a family, he just had never fully thought it over fully. Perhaps Abigail had ignited a maternal instinct in him before her untimely demise. But it didn't seem too bad at the moment.

"We can get you some plan b. If that is what you want." Hannibal's voice snapped him out of the thought.

"...it is." There was a hesitance. He couldn't actually start a family with the alpha, not if he were to gather evidence against him.

Will fiddled with his shirt, feeling completely exposed. The burgundy eyes looking right at him were no help with that either.

"Beautiful, mylimasis"

He could feel his face heating up, reddening his cheeks as he could feel something from his mate he had never felt from anyone in his life. Nor in this way from ant killers he had gotten into the mind of, though they would likely argue otherwise.

It could only be described as love.

If Hannibal could only take in one sight for the rest of his life, it would be his Will. Underneath him, a blush upon his cheeks as the blue eyes peered back up at him. Shirt loose from some buttons that had been undone in the scuffle.

The only thing that would have made it more perfect is if he weren't in anything at all, or in one of Hannibal's shirts instead. Will wasn't much smaller at first glance, but still likely two or three sizes smaller than the alpha, causing him to be swimming in one of his shirts if he were to wear one. and nothing but it.

It was a disappointment when his knot swelled down, connecting the two together.

But at least he could better care for his omega when he could move around.

Hannibal cleaned up the dripping hole, using the tissues he kept for patients as well as himself.

He hoisted the still blushing omega to sit up on the desk, not worrying about any mess that would be made.

"Why are you still looking like that? You look embarrassed."

"It's just…" words left Will's lips slowly. Just that they had gone from talking about killing to in the throes of pleasure so quickly from that? "...that felt like my first time, and it was so quickly after talking about killing."

"It feels like your first, even though it wasn't?" Hannibal knew why, but he wanted to ignore the transition from dark thoughts to more erotic ones. Though it was normal for him, even mixing the two together, it was more of a worry for most. Including someone that works with the dark things regularly.

"I was in heat. I don't exactly remember much from that besides pointing a gun at you." Will averted his gaze, then back to Hannibal's own. "Besides, you sure do get off to being threatened for someone that's supposed to be just a psychiatrist."

"I like you being violent."Hannibal admitted, collecting his dress pants from the floor and putting them back on.

"You're looking for someone to be your partner in bed, and in crime. If you are the ripper, that is."

Hannibal couldn't help but smile. Will was spot on as always. " *If* " He reminded the omega, giving him a peck on the corner of his lips. "And if the ripper did get you and want you to be both, then would you?"

"No." The evil in this beautiful man. "I wouldn't allow him to collar me like his sex and play pet."

"Then you don't truly think i am-"

Hannibal's words were cut off by Will, a mischievous glint in the ocean blue eyes. "I'm not collared by you. Just because I gave in today doesn't mean a thing. Nor that you claimed me with this bite on my neck."

"Oh?" Hannibal cocked his head to the side, absolutely delighted by the spark in his mate.

"I'm not a killer. Nor am I someone to just play around and mate with between sick fantasies. Or were you too fixated on my ass to listen during our therapy sessions, doctor?"

The dogs had arrived earlier than had expected, before their little house could be finished.

They had proved a tad too rowdy for Alana upon their owner being out of prison and only seeing them occasionally. And so the beta had put it upon herself to bring them to Hannibal's house, with his permission, to bring them early to surprise Will when he came back from the headquarters.

He had been assured they were completely house broken, an insistence to let them just stay in the house. But Hannibal liked his space completely clean and not smelling like dog. The only whiff of it he liked was secondhand from Will.

The dogs sniffed around, inspecting every corner of the room that Hannibal had closed them off in.

The one called Winston stared Hannibal down. It was the one closest to Will and the one that had always been hesitant to take the sausage during Hannibal's secret visits to the Wolf Trap house.

"You look pensive."

This time it was about Alana, her brow furrowed as she scratched behind the ear of a dog.

"I wouldn't say so much pensive as I am just pissed. Passed at Will and at-"

"Me?"

"You."

Hannibal snuck the smallest dog another piece of sausage, hoping she would stop trying to jump on him. No luck with that once the little thing swallowed the neat up.

"Will had no right to blame you for such crimes and I know you would never. And" Alana glared at Hannibal, his demeanor as calm as always "you for doing that to Will. Being outed was one of his biggest fears. And not to mention just how inappropriate this is. He was your patient!"

"It is unhealthy to hide one's standing for so long." Hannibal calmly defended himself despite the rage in Alana's eyes. "He was not the one that had been signing the checks or the

paperwork for my services. The FBI was." A flimsy excuse, but not a lie.

"If you'll excuse me, Dr. Bloom, I must get things ready for when my mate comes back home."

With the sounds of barking from inside the house, Will rushed in upon being dropped back off.

Time seemed to slow down as he opened the door and bundles of excitement and fur came barreling down the hallway towards him.

His smile wide, Will crouched down, getting bombarded by cold wet noses, and tongues. "Hey, down." He laughed, as the dogs did little to hide their excitement, jumping on him and jumping over each other for his attention.

The omega had his pack back, and suddenly this place felt more like home again.

The dogs rushed back to the kitchen where the smell of cooking lingered from once Will stood up.

Winston trailed beside him, tail wagging to be back with him.

The dogs crowded around Hannibal. His usual stoic and calm exterior broke as a slight hint of stress eluded him with the return of the dogs into the kitchen.

They were jumping up to look at the bird he was basting, one tricky one managing to make it up on the counter before Hannibal had to pick it up and set it down. They were barking, and getting in his way, hoping for a scrap to be dropped.

Will allowed himself one more minute with the scene before giving a sharp whistle, causing the frazzled alpha to look up and immediately straighten himself up.

His dogs were trained well and immediately fell back to Will's side.

"Need some help?"

"Just with the dogs, thanks."

Hannibal’s hair was disheveled and his button up untucked, it was a look that Will didn’t mind on him one bit.

“Duck with a-” Hannibal went on to explain what he was making, though Will left for the dining room table before he could finish.

“You go on for far too long explaining your dishes.” He called out from the already decorated room.

Over the top, as always. He had to snap at a dog before they could reach for the stag skull, flowers coming out of the empty eyeholes, but still tempting for a canine.

Peeling at the pomegranate, he waited for Hannibal to bring the dishes forth.

“It’s an art.” The alpha drizzled the sauce on top of the portion of duck meat on the plate he placed in front of Will. “That’s why I explain it in such detail.” He had managed to fix his hair and clothes, throwing on a vest to go over the button up. Of course he cleaned himself up quickly.

“I know, I’m just being difficult with you.” Will noticed the look of betrayal on Hannibal’s face as he fed the dogs waiting at his feet a piece of the water fowl meat.

The two had moved from the dining room and to the snowy yard with the dogs after dinner.

Hannibal couldn’t help but stare as the snowflakes seemed to crystallize on the ends of Will’s dark curls. Nor at how bright his smile was as he watched over the dogs.

Even if he did feel jealous of the attention and getting Will’s smile like that, Hannibal knew he could never do anything to those dogs. At least not directly. But even then, it would break Will, and not in the way that he wanted.

Back inside, Will and his pack stayed by the fireplace in the living room while Hannibal cleaned up after dinner.

Arriving back, he found Will asleep on the couch. A dog curled up at his feet. The smallest dog was on his chest, rising with each inhale that he took and falling with each exhale. The rest were right at the side of the couch, sleeping or lifting their heads up at Hannibal as he walked in.

They lowered their heads just as quickly as Hannibal approached. They would have to realize that though Will was the leader of their pack, Hannibal was the alpha of them all now.

His fingers threaded through the soft curls, relishing in how Will moved into his touch in his sleep.

The alpha would allow Will to sleep here for tonight, grabbing a blanket and having to pick the small dog up to cover Will with it. He did at least put her right back to her original spot, which she seemed to appreciate with a little wag of the tail.

But if he were to train his omega, this would have to be the only night he would allow it. Hannibal realized that he would have to start training the next day.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Quick warning that this chapter is very non-conny

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal was not sure how they had ended up where they were. In front of the fireplace in his study, Will at his feet while Hannibal sat in the leather chair. His hands running through the dark curls.

Perhaps it was the alcohol they had had at dinner. For Will, a celebration of having his pack back.

Hannibal had wished that the custom collar he had commissioned for his beloved had come in already to fit the mood. Maybe even the lingerie that he had ordered as well.

It would have been perfect with how pliant Will was in his hands, the two of them facing the fire. No sass, no grumpiness at being there nor being on the floor. Just being his good omega, not holding back the purring from the light strokes in his curly locks.

Now that had been due to the drugs he had nonchalantly and undetectably slipped into the whiskey to get such a submissive Will.

With the serenity that radiated from the omega came the strong scent of a calm day in the forest, a campfire and the high end whiskey he had drunk earlier.

“My dear Will… your heat should be soon. I suppose we should think of family planning for that.”

Will answered with a soft hum, as he leaned his head back into the fingers massaging at his scalp.

“Now that we are linked, my rut will align with your heat… what do you think of becoming a parent again?” Of course Hannibal had seen Will’s maternal instincts with young Abigail. Though he knew any other time he would get a ‘no’ or a denial at wanting it with him.

“I’d like that.” the truth slipped through the omega’s parted mouth.

“Even though it would be mine?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal's hand moved down, caressing his beloved's cheek. The hand light as a feather as it teased down to the neck, then back up so he could hold Will's head back, forcing him to look up at him with glazed over eyes. His thumb rubbing against the bottom lip.

"Mano mylimasis. You're so wonderful like this." His gaze met the blue, dark like a calm storm, of Will's, the only illumination in the room, the fire crackling. His thumb dipped past the lips, into the parted lips where it was taken in with no resistance. "I would love to give you what you want when the time comes."

When Hannibal removed his thumb, it was wet with spit. He helped guide Will, turning his body to instead face him and the tight tent in his groin.

"Good boy." He practically purred as the omega was slowly reaching for the tent, and then to the button and zipper of the alpha's pants.

The erection sprung out, already leaking from its anticipation. The leaking from the tip dripped down, lubricating the cock with precum from his overactive gland. It was certainly a perk.

And what was certainly a perk was leaving Will cohesive enough to be able to move and take the cock into his mouth. Almost the entire thing at once until halfway down when he struggled to go further.

Hannibal's fingers ran through the curled locks again while the lips curled around his erection started to run up again.

The fingers curled tighter, keeping a hold and forcing him down lower, then back up again.

Will let out heavy breaths when he was pulled back, but was fighting back from the hold, wanting to go back down.

Pupils dilating, Hannibal barely wanted to blink out of fear of missing a moment of his mate, pre from his cock pooled up on lips and lips open wide for more.

"Do you love me, my dear Will?"

"I don't know."

Hannibal didn't like that answer one bit, forcing Will back down, further down the erection this time, and back up.

"Do you love being my good boy?"

"Yes."

Hannibal let Will down more gently this time, but still guided him on the pace with the grip in his hair.

"Such a good boy. I'll be sure to make you love me- look at me, please."

The blue orbs had closed, but opened up again. Still glassy from the drugs he had given him, but still full of a lust as his head bobbed up and down with Hannibal's guidance.

The fire continued to crackle, the sound only interrupted by the slurping noises while he kept Will bobbing on his cock.

The shared eye contact was eventually enough as he pulled Will back up and off of the erection, leaking tremendously and ready to blow.

"One more time, my mylimasis. Do you love me?"

"Yes."

The confirmation was enough to drive the alpha over the edge, barely getting Will's head down in time before his ejaculate could spill out all over his lap.

With a growl and moans, he held the omega down, burying his cock deep past the throat while he spilled his seed down inside. He held him there until every last drop had spilt.

"Mh~ Still hungry, my dear?" Hannibal smiled down at Will. His hand had been removed from the locks, but Will remained there, eyes looking up at him.

Will could only be removed from him by force. Cum dripped down from his lips. So much for keeping his pants clean by depositing directly down the throat.

"Do you want more?"

Will nodded weakly.

"Do you want to be pleasured as well?"

Another nod.

"Hmm…" Hannibal held Will's chin to look up at him. "Sorry, but I still must punish you for not coming to bed last night."

It was surely a weak punishment, but he was sure he could have more fun later as he shut off the voice recorder in his pocket. Both to hear this moment over and over when he needed it, and in case he needed to show Will what his inner wants were.

"Don't worry, I'll give you what you truly want when the time comes."

Vision blurry, he could only make out the dark silhouette of the stagman above him, pulling him down into the choking abyss.

"Do you love me, my good boy?" The familiar voice echoed.

Love, family, all the words seemed to repeat in an echo as he was made to repeatedly choke and up to take a breath. Will wasn't sure what he had said, but whatever it was wasn't a good enough answer for the stagman as he was forced lower.

Until he was forced to take on the sickening sea, he did as was prompted until an underlying omegan need wanted to take hold.

The need for the monster in front of him was great. He needed to be filled by the dark abyss. To be held by it more. But he was denied it.

Will awoke with a searing headache. Had he really drunk that much the night before?

“Oh, you’re awake.” Hannibal entered the room, a tray in hand.

“You must have drunk an entire bottle last night.” The alpha mused, placing the tray down and handing Will some ibuprofen and a cup of water.

Will quickly downed the pills with the water. His hand wiped over his hair, then down to bite at his nail. Had he really drunk that much? He could only remember a few glasses, but not a full bottle. Then again he didn’t remember anything after dinner. And why was his throat so sore?

“Is everything okay?”

Will shook his head, ignoring the tray and Hannibal by laying back down, back turned to him.

He didn't want to believe anything had happened, but he wasn't dumb. He knew from the salty aftertaste and bruised throat what had likely occurred the night before. Even if he assumed he were just black out drunk, it was still a lapse in trust that sent a shiver down his spine.

Then again, he was unsure if he even could trust Hannibal.

He was a killer afterall, Will was sure of it.

His body stiffened as he felt a large body press against his back, and a hand trailing up and down his body.

"Something wrong, Mano mylimasis?"

Will couldn't help but sigh softly at the touch, relishing in the warmth and the affection.

Luckily for his pride, the barking of the dogs snapped him out of it, causing him to pry himself from the alpha's hold and off the bed.

The dogs greeted him happily from the gate of the room they were confined in at night for now. Hannibal had been worried of his rugs and wooden floors despite Will assuring him they were completely potty trained.

They rushed out in a rush of fur out of the room, greeting Will with jumps and links to the hand as he led them through the downstairs to the backyard.

He watched as they barked around the back yard, prancing and playing happily at the scent of the outdoors and the room to bound about, though far less of it than home at Wolf Creek.

Will caught the distasteful look from a neighbor, peeking outside wrapped in a bedrobe.

Being a good neighbor, he gave a wave, his lips curled in a forced smile.

He breathed out as the neighbor rolled their eyes and moved back inside.

A relief that they didn't feel the need to confront him outright, though he was sure Hannibal would likely get an earful.

With a whistle, the dogs came running back, and past Will and to the kitchen where Hannibal was already in the process of cooking breakfast to beg for scraps.

It seemed that the neighbor was already complaining as Hannibal was on the phone while cooking.

"Yes. I'll be sure to get a fence… Sir, I assure you that they are well trained… well if the noise bothers you that much you can always move, I refuse to make my mate choose between me and his dogs."

That last bit made Will's lips curled up again, this time in a genuine manner.

"Neighbor troubles?" He asked, fingers trailing on the smooth granite counter.

"Yes. He often has a lot to complain about."

"Bet if he were not so close to you that he would be someone to kill."

His remark was merely met with an amused smirk.

"Assuming I am the ripper, would he not already be dead?"

"As I said. Too close to home. Then again, it shouldn't be too hard to frame someone." Will could see the smirk widen, even as Hannibal kept his eyes on the skillet. "Maybe an unhappy mate. A jealous coworker. He lives opulent enough to assume an inheritance debate among children."

"If you're my partner in crime, of course."

Hannibal turned his view to his mate, still disheveled with his hair going all over the place, and his stubble overgrown.

The 'murder plans' were going to drive him wild if they went on. Even if they were just a joking hypothetical.

Leaning in, he was disappointed as the kiss was dodged.

"I should really get ready."

"Why must you?" Hannibal held Will back with arms wrapping around his waist, his nose rubbing right into the scent gland. "Have a relaxing day at home instead. Or did Jack call you in?"

"Not Jack." Will struggled to pull away, finally resorting to a firm hit. "Freddie Lounds. I promised her the rights to my life. And now I have to deal with interviewing with her."

"As long as you remember our appointment, I suppose…" Hannibal pouted as he let go of his omega, watching as he left the room with the parade of dogs following him. having been ready to call off all appointments for the day.

"We still have not gone over why you are so against being your secondary gender."

Will had looked somewhat irritable upon arriving at Hannibal's office for his appointment. Though he could assume that would be a standard after spending time with Miss. Lounds.

"Besides the societal expectations set upon omegas to be caretakers and lose privileges."

"Really? This again?" Will rolled his eyes and set down the book he was thumbing through on the mezzanine.

"Most omegas are brought up to enjoy their station."

" *Most.* Besides, it's more like they're forced to with the specialized schools they go to."

"I take it you didn't exceed in those classes."

"Didn't have to take them." Will picked another book off the shelf that had caught his eyes. Looking down, he could see the curiosity in Hannibal's amber eyes.

"Ive been on blockers since the time I first presented. You were just the first alpha to notice." Not that other omegas hadn't. Especially with the yearly days away.

"I take it it was not a graceful presenting."

"No."

Indeed it had been the most fearful he had been in his life. And the most fearful he had ever seen his father.

The beta man had been scared of nothing. Not turbulent waters, or the gators that roamed Louisiana. But the day that Will had presented as omega, he finally saw that fear. A fear and dread that had rubbed off on him.

"Dad wanted a beta son. So he raised me as such. Never learned the ins and outs of being an omega."

"I'm sure he thought he was protecting you."

"From a forced mating?" He peered back down at Hannibal. "So much for that."

Plush lips were in a straight line as Hannibal continued to look up at Will. "I know you don't remember that night, but you were the one that came to me."

"Do you think I'm an idiot, Dr. Lecter?" Will made his way down the ladder to be face to face with the alpha. "You really don't think I wouldn't have caught on that you were scenting my house? Scenting everything you sent me during my heat? In some kind of mind game to make me… to make me-"

"To make you think of me as a source of comfort."

"That's some shady psychiatry if that is how you go about it."

"Or maybe" Will flinched away as Hannibal approached, only to find his back pressing against the ladder with nowhere to go. "I felt an attraction to begin with."

"And you wanted to claim your prize. Is that it?" Will instinctively showed his throat to the alpha who immediately started to suck on the skin around the mark, showing he had been mated.

"Perhaps it was a little push."

"Heh." Will huffed. "Just like an alpha. Thinking you own the world."

"I do own the world. It's right in front of me right now." Will forced down a purr from Hannibal's words, having to remind himself they were far too sickly sweet. "I usually control myself well, but something about you made my alpha instincts come out."

The last of those words were said with a bit of a growl, causing Will to arch his back on the ladder and hold on to the railing, as though bracing himself.

He knew exactly what he had to brace for as Hannibal's body pressed against his own, making the bulge ever obvious to him.

"Dr. Lec-" his disapproving whine was interrupted with a bite over the mating scar and his legs being picked up by the back of the knees to straddle either side of Hannibal's waist.

The flash of anticipation of what was to come next became a flinch of pain as the teeth dug deeper into his skin.

Something warm and wet pooled from where the teeth sunk in, causing him to know that blood had been drawn.

"Wait-" Will tried with no luck to pry the alpha off of him, worried that he'd be devoured before the night was over.

"Mano brangusis" Hannibal breathed heavily on his neck, pressing himself on Will, trapping him between himself and the wooden ladder.

"Stop. We can't keep doing this during our sessions." Will tried to squirm, but was stopped by a growl and fingers digging deeper into his waist.

"mano apsėdimas"

Will gulped for air, feeling as though the whole room was spinning now.

"Hannibal-"

Teeth dug back in, even deeper into the flesh.

Will nearly cried out in pain, finally resorting to hitting at the man holding him down.

His fighting was met with his wrists getting knocked above his head and into the ladder., the force causing a crack in the wood where wrists met the material.

Will gasped for pain and finally resorted to shouting. "Stop it! You're hurting me!"

That finally got the alpha to let go, stepping back while Will rubbed at where the blood was seeping out on his neck.

"Will I must apologize. I-"

"I'm going back to Wolf Trap. Tonight." Will stayed where he was, his glare staring daggers at the alpha. "This is why I can't trust alphas… they're too driven by instinct."

Will walked out, hand still on the bleeding spot on his neck as he grabbed his jacket and walked out. He felt Hannibal's gaze, unmoving and allowing him to go silently.

Chapter End Notes

I had to use Google translate for the Lithuanian during the new ladder scene so cant at all say if it is accurate. But it was supposed to be "my dear" and "my obsession"

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